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FRENEAU

THE AMERICAN SIGNAL

NEW YORK, 1775

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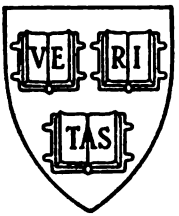

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Freneau

The American Village

1772

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The third publication of the Club for Colonial Reprints of Providence, Rhode Island

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No 33

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The American Village

A Poem by
Philip Freneau

Reprinted in facsimile from the original
edition published at New York
in 1772, with an introduction
by
Harry Lyman Koopman

and

Bibliographical Data
by
Victor Hugo Paltsits

Providence, Rhode Island

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Introduction

by

Harry Lyman Koopman

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Facsimile of the first page of a letter written by Philip Freneau to James Madison.

From the original, preserved among the papers of President Madison, now in the Library of Congress.

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Sir

Somerset County in Maryland —
November 22d: 1772.
Rec'd Feb'y. 13. 1773

If I am not wrongly informed by my memory, I have not seen you since last April, you may recollect I was then undertaking a School at Flatbush on Long Island, I did enter upon the business it is certain and continued in it thirteen days — but — "Long Island I have bid adieu with all its brutish brainless crew, The youth of that detested place, are void of reason and of grace, From Flushing hills to Flatbush plains, Deep ignorance universally reigns. I am very poetical but except it — "Si fama non venit ad aures" if you have not heard the rumor of this story (which by the by is told in various Taverns and eating houses) you must allow me to be a little prolix with it — Those who employed me were some Gentlemen of New York, some of them were bullies, some merchants, and others Scoundrels: They sent me Eight children the eldest of whom was 10 years — Some could read, others spelt and a few stammer over a chapter of the Bible — these were my pupils and over these

Freeman's
Nov. 22. 1772

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was I to preside — My salary moreover was £ 40 — There is something else relating to that I shall not at present mention — after I forsook them they proscribed me for four days and swore that if I was caught in New York they would either Tarrance or maim me: but I luckily escaped with my goods to Princetown — where I remained till commencement — so much for this affair — I have printed a poem in New York called the American Village, containing about 450 lines; also a few short pieces added; I would send you one if I had a proper opportunity — the additional poems are, —

1. a Poem to the Nymph I never saw — The miserable life of a Pedagogue — and Stanzas on an ancient Dutch house on Long Island — As to the main poem it is damned by all good and judicious judges & my name is in the title page, this is called Vanity by some — but "who so fond as youthful bards of fame?" — I arrived at this Somerset Academy the 18th of October and intend to remain here till next October — I am assistant to W. Brakenridge This is the last time I shall enter into such a business, it worries me to death and by no means suits my "giddy wandring brain" — I would go over for the space this Twice two years — but the old hag Necessity has got such

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HILIP FRENEAU at nineteen, four years before the outbreak of the Revolution, celebrated in a metrical dialogue on the commencement stage of Princeton College *The Rising Glory of America*. A year later, after an unsatisfactory experience at private teaching, he launched his first venture on the sea of literature — the slender volume before us. In these youthful productions he was unconsciously preparing himself to take a position in the front rank of the Patriots in the wordy warfare which accompanied and sometimes determined that of the musket and the cannon. He was destined in the coming battle for Liberty to win laurels equal to those of his two great fellow-satirists, Hopkinson his elder, and Trumbull of his own age; but he was to be carried in the press of the conflict far from the peaceful scenes beloved of his youthful Muse; and one of the striking features of the book before us is the absolute unconsciousness of its author regarding the tremendous events that were then so closely impending as to seem to us at this distance already to have enveloped the poet and his country.

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THE earliest mention of the volume here for the first time reproduced is contained in the letter of Freneau to his classmate, James Madison, dated Somerset County, Maryland, Nov. 22, 1772:

"I have printed a poem in New York called the American Village, containing about 450 Lines, also a few short pieces added; I would send you one if I had a proper opportunity — the additional poems are,— 1. a Poem to the Nymph I never saw—The miserable Life of a Pedagogue — and Stanzas on an ancient Dutch house on Long Island — As to the main poem it is damned by all good and judicious judges — my name is in the title page, this is called Vanity by some — but 'who so fond as youthful bards of fame?' "

Of the four poems in the book, *The American Village*, *The Farmer's Winter Evening*, *The Miserable Life of a Pedagogue*, and *Upon a Very Ancient Dutch House on Long Island*, the first and third were not reprinted by the author in any collective edition of his works; the second was reissued in the edition of 1786 as *The Citizen's Resolve. Written 1770*; while the last, as Pattee suspected, is the poem re-

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named *The Deserted Farm-House* and published in the *Freeman's Journal* for May 18, 1785. The fact that "the main poem" was "damned by all good and judicious judges" may or may not be indicative of the number of copies sold; but it is certain that the exclusion of this poem from Freneau's later volumes sufficed to conceal for a hundred and thirty years his first independent publication. Aside from the great bibliographical interest of the little volume, which is heightened by the exceeding rarity of books issued from the press of its printers, it develops an unexpected literary importance. In any case, the first book of an American poet of such quality as to attract his English contemporaries, Scott and Campbell, to the point of plagiarism, could not be lacking in interest; but this little quarto of thirty pages makes a special appeal to us by reason of the light it throws upon Freneau's literary development.

The poem from which the volume takes its name consists actually of 438 lines. The mention on the first page of Goldsmith and his "Deserted Auburn" is a frank acknowledgment of the indebtedness of the poem to the *Deserted Village*, which at that time had been hardly two years before the public. Echoes of Goldsmith's *Traveller* are heard as the poem progresses; and it may have

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been Freneau's consciousness of the secondary inspiration of his youthful poem that led him in after years to neglect it; for *The American Village*, far from lacking literary finish, displays as high a technical skill as any later production of its author's. It is worth noting that there is a much more obvious suggestion of the *Deserted Village* in Freneau's *A New-York Tory's Epistle Written previous to his Departure for Nova-Scotia* than in the poem before us. *The American Village* also offers interesting imitations of Milton, such as the line

> "Or the slow wave of silent Acheron,"

which is clearly compounded of Milton's

> "Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep . . .
> Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
> Lethe the river of oblivion rolls . . . "

More than one-third of the poem is taken up with a defense of the character of the North American Indian, in the course of which is introduced the story of Caffraro and Colma — euphonious names more suggestive of Covent Garden than of Hudson Bay. There is a charming note in the closing confession of the poet's literary devotions; none the less

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charming that it recalls Milton's similar confessions in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. To Freneau's own list of the poets to whom he was indebted an American critic adds with some propriety the name of Gray, but couples with it — in sweet oblivion of chronology — that of Shelley!

The second poem in the volume, which is graced with the long-drawn title: *The Farmer's Winter Evening, a Poem. To the Nymph I never saw*, afterwards received greater though hardly kinder attention at the hands of its author than that accorded to the first. It was renamed, changed almost beyond recognition, and, worst of all, furnished with a new ending which mocks at the poet's own sentiment. The poem now becomes the old story of Horace's second *Epode*, which Sargent has so deftly paraphrased, but the close makes none the less a discord. The literary trick of giving a good mess of milk and then kicking it all over at the last minute, though it afterwards became Heine's favorite device for raising a laugh at sentimentality, is here as out of place as it is in Dr. Holmes's poem *On Lending a Punch Bowl*, the concluding stanza of which Stedman so justly condemns. Poe's transformation of his *Lenore*, from its initial to its final form, was not so fundamental as that to which Freneau mistakenly

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subjected his boyish idyl. No tabulation of the changes could possibly make them clear, and therefore the poem is here reprinted entire for purposes of comparison with the original form. The edition of 1809 has been followed; interesting variants will be found in those of 1786 and 1795. The word Citizen is, of course, to be taken in its eighteenth-century meaning of City-dweller or Cit.

THE CITIZEN'S RESOLVE.

" FAR be the dull and heavy day
" And toil, and restless care, from me—
" Sorrow attends on loads of gold,
" And kings are wretched, I am told.
" Soon from the noisy town removed
" To such wild scenes as Plato lov'd,
" Where, placed the leafless oaks between,
" Less haughty grows the winter green,
" There, Night, will I (lock'd in thy arms,
" Sweet goddess of the sable charms)
" Enjoy the dear, delightful dreams
" That fancy prompts by shallow streams,
" Where wood nymphs walk their evening round,
" And fairies haunt the moonlight ground.
" Beneath some mountain's towering height
" In cottage low hail the night,
" Where jovial swains with heart sincere
" Welcome the new returning year;—

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" Each tells a tale or chaunts a song
" Of her, for whom he sigh'd so long,
" Of Cynthia fair, or Delia coy,
" Neglecting still her love-sick boy —
" While, near, the hoary headed sage
" Recalls the feats of youth's gay age,
" All that in past time e'er was seen,
" And many a frolic on the green,
" How champion he with champions met,
" And fiercely they did combat it —
" Or how, full oft, with horn and hound
" They chaced the deer the forest round —
" The panting deer as swiftly flies,
" Yet by the well-aimed musquet dies!
" Thus pass the evening hours away,
" Unnoticed dies the parting day;
" Unmeasured flows that happy juice,
" Which mild October did produce,
" No surly sage, too frugal found,
" No niggard housewife deals it round:
" And deep they quaff the inspiring bowl
" That kindles gladness in the soul.—
" But now the moon, exalted high,
" Adds lustre to the earth and sky,
" And in the mighty ocean's glass
" Admires the beauties of her face —
" About her orb you may behold
" The circling stars that freeze with cold —
" But they in brighter seasons please,

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" Winter can find no charms in these,
" While less ambitious, we admire,
" And more esteem domestic fire.
" O could I there a mansion find
" Suited exactly to my mind
" Near that industrious, heavenly train
" Of rustics honest, neat, and plain:
" The days, the weeks, the years to pass
" With some good-natured, longing lass,
" With her the cooling spring to sip,
" And seize, at will, her damask lip;
" The groves, the springs, the shades divine,
" And all Arcadia should be mine!
" Steep me, steep me, some poppies deep
" In beechen bowl to bring on sleep;
" Love hath my soul in fetters bound,
" Through the dull night no sleep I found;—
" O gentle sleep! bestow thy dreams
" Of fields, and woods, and murmuring streams,
" Dark, tufted groves, and grottoes rare,
" And Flora, charming Flora, there.
" Dull Commerce, hence, with all thy train
" Of debts, and dues, and loss, and gain;
" To hills, and groves, and purling streams,
" To nights of ease, and heaven-born dreams
" While wiser Damon hastes away,
" Should I in this dull city stay,
" Condemn'd to death by slow decays
" And care that clouds my brightest days?

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" No — by *Silenus'* self I swear,
" In rustic shades I 'll kill that care."
So spoke *Lysander*, and in haste
His clerks discharg'd, his goods re-cased,
And to the western forests flew
With fifty airy schemes in view;
His ships were set to public sale —
But what did all this change avail?—
In three short months, sick of the *heavenly train*,
In three short months — he moved to town again.

It is not surprising that Freneau did not care to reprint his vigorous poem, *The Miserable Life of a Pedagogue*, for it too clearly recalls an unpleasant experience to have been agreeable reading for its author after the heat of composition had passed off. He may also have felt that the treatment was too crude. But the memory of his bad fortnight remained with him, and we are reminded of this poem by a later one, *The Deserted Academy* — afterwards altered, and renamed *The Silent Academy* — and still more by his prose sketch, *The Private Tutor*, in which his unhappy experiences behind the desk are retold in a less autobiographical fashion.

The last poem in our volume, *Upon a Very ancient Dutch House on Long Island*, was, like the second, altered for republication almost beyond the

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point of recognition. Only a direct comparison can do justice to the extent and character of the changes which its author's perverted judgment dictated, and it is therefore given below from the edition of 1809, which shows the widest departure from the original form. Dome, a romantic word for Dwelling, was much affected by poets of Freneau's day as a rhyme to Home.

THE DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

This antique dome the insatiate tooth of time
Now level with the dust has almost laid; —
Yet ere 'tis gone, I seize my humble theme
From these low ruins, that his years have made.

Behold the unsocial hearth! —where once the fires
Blazed high, and soothed the storm-stay'd traveller's woes;
See the weak roof that abler props requires,
Admits the winds, and swift descending snows.

Here, to forget the labours of the day,
No more the swains at evening hours repair,
But wandering flocks assume the well known way
To shun the rigours of the midnight air.

In yonder chamber, half to ruin gone,
Once stood the ancient housewife's curtained bed —
Timely the prudent matron has withdrawn,
And each domestic comfort with her fled.

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The trees, the flowers that her own hands had reared,
The plants, the vines, that were so verdant seen,—
The trees, the flowers, the vines have disappear'd,
And every plant has vanish'd from the green.

So sits in tears on wide Campania's plain
Rome, once the mistress of a world enslaved;
That triumph'd o'er the land, subdued the main,
And Time himself, in her wild transports, braved.

So sits in tears on Palestina's shore
The Hebrew town, of splendor once divine —
Her kings, her lords, her triumphs are no more;
Slain are her priests, and ruin'd every shrine.

Once, in the bounds of this deserted room,
Perhaps some swain nocturnal courtship made,
Perhaps some *Sherlock* mused amid the gloom;
Since love and death forever seek the shade.

Perhaps some miser, doom'd to discontent,
Here counted o'er the heaps acquired with pain;
He to the dust — his gold, on traffick sent,
Shall ne'er disgrace these mouldering walls again.

Nor shall the glow-worm fopling, suhshine bred,
Seek, at the evening hour this wonted dome —
Time has reduced the fabrick to a shed,
Scarce fit to be the wandering beggar's home.

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And none but I its dismal case lament —
None, none but I o'er its cold relics mourn,
Sent by the muse — (the time perhaps mispent—)
To write dull stanzas on this dome forlorn.

With its humorous elements extruded, the poem becomes flat with all the insipidity that was the aspiration of eighteenth-century poetic elegance. Nor is our interest increased by the forced pleasantry at the close. Freneau seems to have felt that the rejected humor was worth using, for we find it reappearing in *A Batavian Picture*, a short poem, the form of which is borrowed from Goldsmith's *Traveller*. But the modern reader will acknowledge that the original poem with its rude *genre* touches is worth both its derivatives.

Freneau at twenty, one year out of college, was evidently in this volume casting about to find his bearings in poetry. He succeeded in these four poems in striking every note for which he was afterwards to become distinguished — satire, broad humor, local picturing, and tender human sentiment. The last note, which is the rarest in Freneau's later work, is the only one that preserves him in grateful remembrance. His bitter satires, which won him fame at home and abroad, wake now the interest

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only of the bibliographer and the student of political history; but his *Eutaw Springs*, his *Wild Honeysuckle*, his *Indian Burying-Ground*, and his *Honey Bee* will be read as long as any American writings of his century; and the spirit that gives enduring life to these mature poems breathes fresh and fragrant from his first boyish ventures.

HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN.

New Year's Day, 1906.

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THE

AMERICAN VILLAGE,

A POEM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Several other ORIGINAL PIECES in VERSE.

By PHILIP FRENEAU, A. B.

——————Arva, beata
Petamus arva, divites & insulas.
Hor. Epod. Ode 16, V. 41, & sequentes.

NEW-YORK:
Printed by S. INSLEE and A. CAR, on MOOR'S WHARF.

M.DCC,LXXII.

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THE

AMERICAN VILLAGE, &c.

WHERE yonder ſtream divides the fertile plain,
Made fertile by the labours of the ſwain;
And hills and woods high tow'ring o'er the reſt,
Behold a village with fair plenty bleſt:
Each year tall harveſts crown the happy field;
Each year the meads their ſtores of fragrance yield,
And ev'ry joy and ev'ry bliſs is there,
And healthful labour crowns the flowing year.

THOUGH *Goldſmith* weeps in melancholy ſtrains,
Deſerted Auburn and forſaken plains,
And mourns his village with a patriot ſigh,
And in that village ſees Britannia die:
Yet ſhall this land with riſing pomp divine,
In it's own ſplendor and Britannia's ſhine.
O muſe, forget to paint her ancient woes,
Her Indian battles, or her Gallic foes;
Reſume the pleaſures of the rural ſcene,
Deſcribe the village riſing on the green,
It's harmleſs people, born to ſmall command,
Loſt in the boſom of this weſtern land:

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So ſhall my verſe run gentle as the floods,
So anſwer all ye hills, and echo all ye woods;
So glide ye ſtreams in hollow channels pent,
Forever waſting, yet not ever ſpent.
Ye cluſt'ring boughs by hoary thickets bore!
Ye fields high waving with eternal corn!
Ye woodland nymphs the tender tale rehearſe,
The fabled authors of immortal verſe:
Ye Dryads fair, attend the ſcene I love,
And Heav'n ſhall centre in yon' blooming grove
What tho' thy woods, AMERICA, contain
The howling foreſt, and the tiger's den,
The dang'rous ſerpent, and the beaſt of prey,
Men are more fierce, more terrible than they.
No monſter with it's vile contagious breath,
No flying ſcorpion darting inſtant death;
No pois'nous adder, burning to enrage,
Has half the venom or has half the rage.
What tho' the Turk proteſts to heav'n his ire,
With lift up hand amidſt his realms of fire;
And Ruſſia's Empreſs ſends her fleets afar,
To aid the havock of the burning war:
Their rage diſmays not, and their arms in vain,
In dreadful fury bathe with blood the plain;
Their terrors harmleſs, tho' their ſtory heard,
How this one conquer'd, or was nobly ſpar'd:

Vaim

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Vain is their rage, to us their anger vain,
The deep Atlantic raves and roars between.

To yonder village then will I deſcend,
There ſpend my days, and there my ev'nings ſpend;
Sweet haunt of peace whoſe mud' wall'd ſides delight,
The rural mind beyond the city bright:
Their tops with hazles or with alders wove,
Remurmur magic to the neighb'ring grove;
And each one lab'ring in his own employ,
Comes weary home at night, but comes with joy:
The ſoil which lay for many thouſand years
O'er run by woods, by thickets and by bears;
Now reft of trees, admits the chearful light,
And leaves long proſpects to the piercing ſight;
Where once the lynx nocturnal ſallies made,
And the tall chefnut caſt a dreadful ſhade:
No more the panther ſtalks his bloody rounds,
Nor bird of night her hateful note reſounds;
Nor howling wolves roar to the riſing moon,
As pale aroſe ſhe o'er yon eaſtern down.
Some prune their trees, a larger load to bear
Of fruits nectarine blooming once a year:
See groaning waggons to the village come
Fill'd with the apple, apricot or plumb;
And heavy beams ſuſpended from a tree,
To preſs their juice againſt the winter's day:

Or

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Or ſee the plough torn through the new made field,
Ordain'd a harveſt, yet unknown to yield.
The riſing barn whoſe ſpacious floor receives
The welcome thouſands of the wheaten ſheaves,
And ſpreads it's arms to take the plenteous ſtore,
Sufficient for its maſter and the poor:
For as Eumœus us'd his beggar gueſt
The great Ulyſſes in his tatters dreſt:
So here fair Charity puts forth her hand,
And pours her bleſſings o'er the greatful land:
No needy wretch the rage of winter fears,
Secure he ſits and ſpends his aged years,
With thankful heart to gen'rous ſouls and kind,
That ſave him from the winter and the wind.

A LOVELY iſland once adorn'd the ſea,
Between New-Albion and the Mexic' Bay;
Whoſe ſandy ſides waſh'd by the ocean wave,
Scarce heard a murmur but what the ocean gave:
Small it's circumference, or high it's coaſt,
But ſhady woods the happy iſle could boaſt;
On ev'ry ſide new proſpects catch'd the eye,
There roſe blue mountains to the arched ſky:
Here thunder'd ocean in concluſive throws,
And daſh'd the iſland as it's waters roſe:
Yet peaceful all within, no tumults there,
But fearleſs ſteps of the unhunted hare;

And

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And nightly chauntings of the ſearleſs dove,
Or blackbird's note, the harbinger of love.
So peaceful was this haunt that nature gave,
Still as the ſtars, and ſilent as the grave;
No loud applauſe there rais'd the patriot breaſt,
No ſhouting armies their mad joy confeſt,
For battles gain'd, or trophies nobly won,
Or nations conquer'd near the riſing ſun;
No clam'rous crews, or wild nocturnal cheer,
Or murd'rous ruffians, for no men were here.
On it's eaſt end a grove of oak was ſeen,
And ſhrubby hazels fill'd the ſpace between,
Dry alders too, and aſpin leaves that ſhook
With ev'ry wind, conſpir'd to ſhade a brook,
Whoſe gentle ſtream juſt bubbling from the ground,
Was quickly in the ſalter ocean drown'd.
Beyond whoſe ſount, the center of the iſle,
Wild plumb trees flouriſh'd on the ſhaded ſoil.
In the dark boſom of this ſacred wood,
Had fate but ſmil'd, ſome village might have ſtood
Secluded from the world, and all it's own,
Of other lands unknowing, and unknown.
Here might the hunter have deſtroy'd his prey,
Transfix'd the goat before the dawn of day;
And trudging homeward with his welcome load,
The fruit of wand'rings thro' each by-way road:

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Thrown down his burthen with the needleſs ſigh,
And gladly feaſted his ſmall family.
Small fields had then ſuffic'd, and grateful they,
The annual labours of his hands to pay;
And free his right to ſearch the briny flood
For fiſh, or ſlay the creatures of the wood.

Thus ſpent his days in labour's pleaſant pain,
Had liv'd and dy'd the homely ſhepherd ſwain:
Had ſeen his children and his children's heirs,
The fruit of love and memory of years
To agriculture's firſt fair ſervice bent,
The work of mortals, and their great intent.
So had the Sire his days of pleaſure known,
And wiſh'd to change no country for his own:
So had he with his fair endearing wife,
Paſs'd the ſlow circle of a harmleſs life;
With happy ignorance divinely bleſt,
The path, the centre and the home of reſt.
Long might the ſun have run his bright career,
And long the moon her mantled viſage rear;
And long the ſtars their nightly vigils kept,
And ſpheres harmonious either ſung or wept:
He had not dream'd of worlds beſides his own,
And thought them only ſtars, beyond the moon;

Enjoy'd

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Enjoy'd himſelf, nor hear'd of future hell,
Or heav'n, the recompence of doing well;
Had ſcarcely thought of an eternal ſtate,
And left his being in the hands of fate.—
O had this iſle ſuch ſouls ſublime contain'd,
And there for ages future ſons remain'd:
But envious time conſpiring with the ſea,
Waſh'd all it's landſcapes, and it's groves away.
It's trees declining, ſtretch'd upon the ſand,
No more their ſhadows throw acroſs the land.
It's vines no more their cluſt'ring beauty ſhow,
Nor ſturdy oaks embrace the mountain's brow.
Bare ſands alone now overwhelm the coaſt,
Loſt in it's grandeur, and it's beauty loſt.

THUS, tho' my fav'rite iſle to ruin gone,
Inſpires my ſorrow, and demands my moan;
Yet this wide land it's place can well ſupply
With landſcapes, hills and graſſy mountains high.
O HUDSON! thy fair flood ſhall be my theme,
Thy winding river, or thy glaſſy ſtream;
On whoſe tall banks tremendous rocks I ſpy,
Dread nature in primæval majeſty.
Rocks, to whoſe ſummits clouds eternal cling,
Or cluſt'ring birds in their wild wood notes ſing.

Hills,

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Hills, from whose sides the mountain echo roars,
Rebounding dreadful from the distant shores,
Or vallies, where refreshing breezes blow,
And rustic huts in fair confusion grow,
Safe from the winds, secur'd by mountains high,
That seem to hide the concave of the sky;
To whose top oft' the curious hind ascends,
And wonders where the arch'd horizon bends;
Pleas'd with the distant prospects rising new,
And hills o'er hills, a never ending view.
Through various paths with hasty step he scours,
And breathes the odours of surrounding flow'rs,
Caught from their bosoms by the fragrant breath,
Of western breezes, or the gale of death.*
Then low descending, seeks the humble dome,
And centres all his pleasures in his home,
'Till day returning, brings the welcome toil,
To clear the forest, or to tame the soil;
To burn the woods, or catch the tim'rous deer,
To scour the thicket, or contrive the snare.

Such was the life our great fore-fathers led,
The golden season now from Britain fled,
E'er since dread commerce stretch'd the nimble sail,
And sent her wealth with ev'ry foreign gale.—

Strange

* South wind.

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Strange fate, but yet to ev'ry country known,
To love all other riches but it's own.
Thus fell the mistress of the conquer'd earth,
Great ROME, who ow'd to ROMULUS her birth,
Fell to the monster Luxury, a prey,
Who forc'd a hundred nations to obey.
She whom nor mighty CARTHAGE could withstand,
Nor strong JUDEA's once thrice holy land:
She all the west, and BRITAIN could subdue,
While vict'ry with the ROMAN eagles flew;
She, she herself eternal years deny'd,
Like ROME she conquer'd, but by ROME she dy'd:
But if AMERICA, by this decay,
The world itself must fall as well as she.
No other regions latent yet remain,
This spacious globe has been research'd in vain.
Round it's whole circle oft' have navies gone,
And found but sea or lands already known.
When she has seen her empires, cities, kings,
Time must begin to flap his weary wings;
The earth itself to brighter days aspire,
And wish to feel the purifying fire.

NOR think this mighty land of old contain'd
The plund'ring wretch, or man of bloody mind:
Renowned

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Renowned SACHEMS once their empires rais'd
On wholesome laws; and sacrifices blaz'd.
The gen'rous soul inspir'd the honest breast,
And to be free, was doubly to be blest:
'Till the east winds did here COLUMBUS blow,
And wond'r ng nations saw his canvas flow.
'Till here CABOT descended on the strand,
And hail'd the beauties of the unknown land;
And rav'nous nations with industrious toil,
Conspir'd to rob them of their native soil:
Then bloody wars, and death and rage arose,
And ev'ry tribe resolv'd to be our foes.
Full many a feat of them I could rehearse,
And actions worthy of immortal verse:
Deeds ever glorious to the INDIAN name,
And fit to rival GREEK or ROMAN fame.
But one sad story shall my Muse relate,
Full of paternal love, and full of fate;
Which when ev'n yet the northern shepherd hears,
It swells his breast, and bathes his face in tears,
Prompts the deep groan, and lifts the heaving sigh,
Or brings soft torrents from the female eye.

FAR in the arctic skies, where HUDSON'S BAY
Rolls it's cold wave, and combats with the sea,

A dreary

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A dreary region lifts it's diſmal head,
True ſiſter to the regions of the dead.
Here thund'ring ſtorms continue half the year,
Or deep laid ſnows their joyleſs viſage rear:
Eternal rocks, from whoſe prodigious ſteep
The angry tiger ſtuns the neighb'ring deep;
While through the wild wood, or the ſhrouded plain,
The mooſe deer ſeeks his food, but often ſeeks in vain.
Yet in this land, froze by inclement ſkies,
The Indian huts in wild ſucceſſion riſe;
And daily hunting, when the ſhort-liv'd ſpring
Shoots joyous forth, th' induſtrious people bring
Their beaver ſpoils beneath another ſky,
PORT NELSON, and each BRITISH factory:
In ſlender boats from diſtant lands they ſail,
Their ſmall maſts bending to the inland gale,
On traffic ſent to gain the little ſtore,
Which keeps them plenteous, tho' it keeps them poor.
Hither CAFFRARO in his ſlighty boat,
One hapleſs ſpring his furry riches brought;
And with him came, for ſail'd he not alone,
His conſort COLMA, and his little ſon.
While yet from land o'er the deep wave he plough'd,
And tow'rds the ſhore with manly prowefs row'd.
His barque unfaithful to it's truſted freight,
Sprung the large leak, the meſſenger of fate;

But

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But no lament or female cry was heard,
Each for their fate moſt manfully prepar'd,
From bubbling waves to ſend the parting breath
To lands of ſhadows, and the ſhade of death.

O FATE! unworthy ſuch a tender train,
O day, lamented by the Indian ſwain!
Full oft' of it the ſtrippling youth ſhall hear,
And ſadly mourn their fortune with a tear:
The Indian maids full oft' the tale attend,
And mourn their COLMA as they'd mourn a friend.

Now while in waves the barque demerg'd, they ſtrive,
Dead with deſpair, tho' nature yet alive:
Forth from the ſhore a friendly brother flew,
In one ſmall boat, to ſave the drowning crew.
He came, but in his barque of trifling freight,
Could ſave but two, and one muſt yield to fate.
O dear CAFFRARO, ſaid the hapleſs wife,
O ſave our ſon, and ſave thy dearer life:
'Tis thou canſt teach him how to hunt the doe,
Transfix the buck, or tread the mountain ſnow.
Let me the ſentence of my fate receive,
And to thy care my tender infant leave.
He ſigh'd, nor anſwer'd, but as firm as death,
Reſolv'd to ſave her with his lateſt breath:

And

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And as suspended by the barque's low side,
He rais'd the infant from the chilling tide,
And plac'd it safe; he forc'd his COLMA too
To save herself, what more could mortal do?
But nobly scorning life, she rais'd her head
From the flush'd wave, and thus divinely said:

OF life regardless, I to fate resign,
But thou, CAFFRARO, art forever mine.
O let thy arms no future bride embrace,
Remember COLMA, and her beauteous face,
Which won thee youthful in thy gayest pride,
With captives, trophies, victors at thy side;
Now I shall quick to blooming regions fly,
A spring eternal, and a nightless sky,
Far to the west, where radiant Sol descends,
And wonders where the arch'd horizon ends:
There shall my soul thy lov'd idea keep;
And 'till thy image comes, unceasing weep.
There, tho' the tiger is but all a shade,
And mighty panthers but the name they had;
And proudest hills, and lofty mountains there,
Light as the wind, and yielding as the air;
Yet shall our souls their ancient feelings have,
More strong, more noble than this side the grave.

There

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There lovely blossoms blow throughout the year,
And airy harvests rise without our cate:
And all our sires and mighty ancestors,
Renown'd for battles and successful wars,
Behold their sons in fair succession rise,
And hail them happy to serener skies.
There shall I see thee too, and see with joy
Thy future charge, my much lov'd Indian boy:
The thoughtless infant, whom with tears I see,
Once sought my breast, or hung upon my knee;
Tell him, ah tell him, when in manly years,
His dauntless mind, nor death nor danger fears,
Tell him, ah tell him, how thy COLMA dy'd,
His fondest mother. and thy youthful bride:
Point to my tomb thro' yonder furzy glade,
And show where thou thy much lov'd COLMA laid.
O may I soon thy blest resemblance see,
And my sweet infant all reviv'd in thee.
'Till then I'll haunt the bow'r or lonely shade,
Or airy hills for contemplation made,
And think I see thee in each ghostly shoal,
And think I clasp thee to my weary soul.
Oft, oft thy form to my expecting eye,
Shall come in dreams with gentle majesty;
Then shall I joy to find my bliss began
To love an angel, whom I lov'd a man!

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She ſaid, and downward in the hoary deep
Plung'd her fair form to everlaſting ſleep;
Her parting ſoul it's lateſt ſtruggle gave,
And her laſt breath came bubbling thro' the wave.

THEN ſad CAFFRARO all his grief declares,
And ſwells the torrent of the gulph with tears;
And ſenſeleſs ſtupid to the ſhore is borne
In death-like ſlumbers, 'till the riſing morn,
Then ſorrowing, to the ſea his courſe he bent
Full ſad, but knew not for what cauſe he went,
'Till, ſight diſtreſſing, from the lonely ſtrand,
He ſaw dead COLMA wafting to the land.
Then in a ſtupid agony of pray'r,
He rent his mantle, and he tore his hair;
Sigh'd to the ſtars, and ſhook his honour'd head,
And only wiſh'd a place among the dead!
O had the winds been ſenſible of grief,
Or whiſp'ring angels come to his relief;
Then had the rocks not echo'd to his pain,
Nor hollow mountains anſwer'd him again:
Then had the floods their peaceful courſes kept,
Nor the ſad pine in all it's murmurs wept;
Nor penſive deer ſtray'd through the lonely grove,
Nor ſadly wept the ſympathiſing dove.———

Thus

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Thus far'd the ſire through his long days of pain,
Or with his offſpring rov'd the ſilent plain;
'Till years approaching, bow'd his ſacred head
Deep in the duſt, and ſent him to the dead:
Where now perhaps in ſome ſtrange fancy'd land,
He graſps the airy bow, and flies acroſs the ſtrand;
Or with his COLMA ſhares the fragrant grove,
It's vernal bleſſings, and the bliſs of love.

FAREWELL lamented pair, and whate'er ſtate
Now claſs you round, and ſinks you deep in fate;
Whether the firey kingdom of the ſun,
Or the ſlow wave of ſilent Acheron,
Or Chriſtian's heaven, or planetary ſphere,
Or the third region of the cloudleſs air;
Or if return'd to dread nihility,
You'll ſtill be happy, for you will not be.

Now faireſt village of the fertile plain,
Made fertile by the labours of the ſwain;
Who firſt my drowſy ſpirit did inſpire,
To ſing of woods, and ſtrike the rural lyre:
Who laſt ſhou'd ſee He wand'ring from thy cells,
And groves of oak where contemplation dwells.
Wou'd fate but raiſe me o'er the ſmaller cares,
Of Life unwelcome and diſtreſsful years,

Pedantic

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Pedantic labours and a hateful eaſe,
Which ſcarce the hoary wrinkled ſage cou'd pleaſe.
Hence ſprings each grief, each long reflective ſigh,
And not one comfort left but poetry.
Long, long ago with her I could have ſtray'd,
To woods, to thickets or the mountain ſhade;
Unfit for cities and the noiſy throng,
The drunken revel and the midnight ſong;
The gilded beau and ſcenes of empty joy,
Which pleaſe a moment and forever die.
Here then ſhall center ev'ry wiſh, and all
The tempting beauties of this ſpacious ball:
No thought ambitious, and no bold deſign,
But heaven born contemplation ſhall be mine.
In yonder village ſhall my fancy ſtray,
Nor rove beyond the confines of to-day;
The aged volumes of ſome plain divine,
In broken order round my hut ſhou'd ſhine;
Whoſe ſolemn lines ſhould ſoften all my cares,
And ſound devotion to th' eternal ſtars:
And if one ſin my rigid breaſt did ſtain,
Thou poetry ſhou'dſt be the darling ſin;
Which heav'n without repentance might forgive,
And which an angel might commit and live:
And where yon' wave of ſilent water falls,
O'er the ſmooth rock or Adamantine walls:

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The ſummer morns and vernal eves ſhould ſee,
MILTON, immortal bard my company;
Or SHAKESPEARE, DRYDEN, each high ſounding name,
The pride of BRITAIN, and one half her fame:
Or him who wak'd the fairy muſe of old,
And pleaſing tales of lands inchanted told.
Still in my hand, he his ſoft verſe ſhou'd find
His verſe, the picture of the poets mind:
Or heav'nly POPE, who now harmonious mourns,
"Like the rapt ſeraph that adores and burns."
Then in ſharp ſatire, with a giant's might,
Forbids the blockhead and the fool to write:
And in the centre of the bards be ſhown
The deathleſs lines of godlike ADDISON;
Who, bard thrice glorious, all delightful flows,
And wrapt the ſoul of poetry in proſe.

Now ceaſe, O muſe, thy tender tale to chaunt,
The ſmiling village, or the rural haunt;
New ſcenes invite me, and no more I rove,
To tell of ſhepherds, or the vernal grove.

THE

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THE

FARMER'S WINTER EVENING,

A POEM.

To the NYMPH *I never saw.*

FAR be the pleasures of the day,
And mirth and festive joy from me,
When cold December nips the plains,
Or frozen January reigns.
Far be the hunts-man's noisy horn,
And coursers fleet thro' thickets borne,
Swift as the wind, and far the sight,
Of snowy mountains, sadly white;
But thou, O night, with sober charms,
Shall clasp me in thy sable arms.
For thee I love the winter eve,
The noisy day for thee I leave.
Beneath some mountain's tow'ring height,
In cottage low I hail the night,
Where jovial swains, with heart sincere,
And timely mirth dishearten care:

Each

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Each tells his tale, or chaunts a ſong
Of her for whom he ſigh'd ſo long;
Of CLARA fair, or FLORA coy,
Diſdaining ſtill her ſhepherd boy,
While near the hoary headed ſage,
Recalls the days of youthful age,
Deſcribes his courſe of manly years,
His journey thro' this vale of tears;
How champion he with champions met,
And fiercely they did combat it,
'Till envious night in ebon chair,
Urg'd faſter on her chariotteer,
And robb'd him, O for ſhame, of glory
And feats fit for renown in ſtory.—
Thus ſpent in tales the ev'ning hour,
And quaffing juice of ſober pow'r,
Which handſome KATE with malt did ſteep,
To lead on balmy viſag'd ſleep,
While her neat hand the milk pail ſtrains,
A ſav'ry ſupper for the ſwains.
And now the moon exalted high,
Gives luſtre to the earth and ſky,
And from the mighty ocean's glaſs,
Reflects the beauty of her face:
About her orb you may behold,
A thouſand ſtars of burniſh'd gold,

Which

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Which ſlowly to the weſt retire,
And loſe awhile their glitt'ring fire.

O COULD I here find my abode,
And live within this fancy'd wood,
With thee the weeks and years to paſs,
My pretty rural ſhepherdeſs;
With thee the cooling ſpring to ſip,
Or live upon thy damaſk lip:
Then ſacred groves, and ſhades divine,
And all ARCADIA ſhould be mine.
Steep me, ſteep me ſome poppies deep
In beechen bowl, to bring on ſleep;
Love hath my mind in ſhackles kept,
Thrice the cock crew, nor once I ſlept.
O gentle ſleep, wrap me in dreams,
Of fields and woods, and running ſtreams;
Of rivers wide, and caſtles rare,
And be my lovely FLORA there:
A larger draught, a larger bowl
To gratify my drowſy ſoul;
"A larger draught is yet in ſtore,
Perhaps with this you wake no more."
Then I my lovely maid ſhall ſee thee
Drinking the deep ſtreams of LETHE,

Where

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Where now dame ARETHUSA ſcatters
Her ſoft ſtream with ALPHEUS' waters,
To forget her earthly cares,
Loſt in LETHE, loſt in years!
And I too will quaff the water,
Leſt it ſhould be ſaid, O daughter
Of my giddy, ward'ring brain,
I ſigh'd for one I've never ſeen.

THE

MISERABLE LIFE

OF A

PEDAGOGUE.

TO form the manners of our youth,
To guide them in the way of truth,
To lead them through the jarring ſchools,
Arts, ſciences, and grammar rules;
Is certainly an arduous work,
Enough to tire out Jew or Turk;

And,

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And make a chriſtian bite his nails,
For do his beſt, he ſurely fails;
And ſpite of all that ſome may ſay,
His praiſe is trifling as his pay.

For my part I, tho' vers'd in booking,
Still ſav'd my carcaſe from ſuch cooking;
And always ſlyly ſhunn'd a trade,
Too trifling as I thought and ſaid;
But at a certain crazy ſeaſon,
When men have neither ſenſe or reaſon;
By ſome confounded miſadventure,
I found myſelf juſt in it's centre.

Odd's fiſh and blood, and noun and neuter,
And tenſes preſent, paſt and future;
I utter'd with a wicked ſigh,
Where are my brains, or where am I?
The dulleſt creature of the wood,
Knows how to ſhun the diſtant flood;
Whales, dolphins, and a hundred more,
Are not the fools to run aſhore.

Well, now contented I muſt be,
Forc'd by the dame Neceſſity,
Who like the tribunal of Spain,
Let's you ſpeak once, but not again; And

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And ſwift to execute the blow,
Ne'er tells you why or whence it's ſo.

Now I am aſk'd a thouſand queſtions,
Of ALEXANDERS and EPHESTIONS;
With ſly deſign to know if I
Am vers'd in GRECIAN hiſtory;
And then again my time deſtroy,
With aukward grace to tell of TROY:
From that huge giant POLYPHEMUS,
Quite down to ROMULUS and REMUS.
Then I'm oblig'd to give them lectures,
On quadrants, circles, ſquares and ſectors;
Or in my wretched mem'ry bear,
What weighs a cubic inch of air.

"SIR, here's my ſon, I beg you'd mind,
The graces have been very kind,
And on him all their bleſſings ſhed,
[Except a genius and a head]
Teach him the doctrine of the ſphere,
The ſliding circle and the ſquare,
And ſtarry worlds, I know not where:
And let him quickly learn to ſay,
Thoſe learned words Penna, Pennæ;

Which

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Which late I heard our parſon call,
As learning, knowledge all in all."

And there a city dame approaches,
Known by her horſemen, chairs and coaches:
" Sir, here's my ſon, teach him to ſpeak
The Hebrew, Latin, and the Greek:
And this I half forgot, pray teach
My tender boy—the parts of ſpeech—
But never let this ſon of me,
Learn that vile thing Aſtronomy:
Upon my word it's all a ſham,"—
O I'm your humble ſervant ma'am.
There certainly is ſomething in it———
" Boy, drive the coach off in a minute."
And thus I'm left in ſtreet or road,
A laughing ſtock to half the crowd,
To argue with myſelf the caſe,
And prove its being to my face.

A plague I ſay on ſuch employment,
Where's neither pleaſure nor enjoyment:
Whoe'er to ſuch a life is ty'd,
Was born the day he ſhould have dy'd;
Born in an hour when angry ſpheres
Were tearing caps, or pulling ears:

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And Saturn ſlow 'gainſt ſwift Mercurius,
Was meditating battles furious ;
Or comets with their blazing train,
Decreed their life, a life of pain.

Upon a very ANCIENT DUTCH HOUSE on LONG-ISLAND.

BEHOLD this antique dome by envious time,
Grown crazy, and in ev'ry part decay'd ;
Full well, alas, it claims my humble rhyme,
For ſuch lone haunts and contemplation made.

Ah ſee the hearth, where once the chearful fire
Blaz'd high, and warm'd the winter trav'lers toes ;
And ſee the walls, which once did high aſpire,
Admit the ſtorms, and ev'ry wind that blows.

In yonder corner, now to ruin gone,
The ancient houſewife's curtain'd bed appear'd,
Where ſhe and her man JOHN did ſleep alone,
Nor nightly robber, nor the ſcreech owl fear'd.

There

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There did they ſnore full oft' the whole night out,
Smoking the ſable pipe, 'till that did fall,
Reft from their jaws by Somnus' ſleepy rout,
And on their faces pour'd its ſcorched gall.

And in the compaſs of yon' ſmaller gang,
The ſwain BATAVIAN once his courtſhip made,
To ſome DUTCH laſs, as thick as ſhe was long;
" Come then, my angel, come, the ſhepherd ſaid,

" And let us for the bridal bed prepare;
For you alone ſhall eaſe my future life,
And you alone ſhall ſoften all my care,
My ſtrong, my hearty, and induſtrious wife."

Thus they—but eating ruin now hath ſpread
Its wings deſtructive o'er the antique dome;
The mighty fabrick now is all a ſhed,
Scarce fit to be the wand'ring beggar's home.

And none but me it's piteous fate lament,
None, none but me o'er it's ſad aſhes mourn,
Sent by the fates, and by APOLLO ſent,
To ſhed their lateſt tears upon it's ſilent urn.

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E R R A T A.

Page 2, Line 5, for bore, read borne.
2, 17, for enrage, read engage.
4, 18, dele the.
4, 19, for or, read nor.
4, 23, for conclusive, read convulsive.
16, 10, for class, read clasps.
16, 21, for he, read me.

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Bibliographical Data

by

Victor Hugo Paltsits

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ON November 22, 1772, Freneau wrote a letter to his friend James Madison, afterwards President of the United States, of which the first page is reproduced in this volume in facsimile. Among other things he said: "I have printed a poem in New York called the American Village, containing about 450 Lines, also a few short pieces added; I would send you one if I had a proper opportunity — the additional poems are,— 1. a Poem to the Nymph I never saw — The miserable Life of a Pedagogue — and Stanzas on an ancient Dutch house on Long Island — As to the main poem it is damned by all good and judicious judges — My name is in the title page, this is called Vanity by some — but 'who so fond as youthful bards of fame?' " This information was definite enough, but no extant copy of the first separately-printed work of "The Poet of the American Revolution" was known by American bibliographers and literary specialists prior to November, 1902, at which time I was engaged in the preparation of my Freneau bibliography and submitted a list of queries to the Librarian of Congress, one of which sought to learn whether the national library possessed a copy of *The American Village*. By a singularly fortunate concourse of events, that library had just then

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(November, 1902) purchased a volume of miscellaneous pamphlets, one of which proved to be the gem for which I had been angling hopelessly. In the latter part of December, while in Washington, I was able to collate this copy *de visu*, and the results were published shortly thereafter.* The copy now reproduced in facsimile has come to light still more recently, and has been acquired by the John Carter Brown Library, of Providence. The original pamphlet collates analytically as follows:

Title, verso blank; "The American Village, &c.," pp. [1]—18; "The Farmer's Winter Evening, A Poem. To the Nymph I never saw," pp. 19-22; "The Miserable Life of a Pedagogue," pp. 22-26; "Upon a very ancient Dutch House on Long-Island," pp. 26-27; "Errata," seven lines, on verso of p. 27. Signatures: Title, with stub, one leaf, and B-H in twos. The John Carter Brown Library copy does not show the stub.

The printers of the pamphlet were Samuel Inslee and Anthony Car, of the city of New York. They were young men who had been in the employ of

**Bibliography of the Separate and Collected Works of Philip Freneau.* New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1903. The title-page was also reproduced in facsimile as a frontispiece to the *de Luxe* edition.

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James Parker of New York, and Car had served his apprenticeship in Parker's printing office.* Parker died in Burlington, N. J., on June 24, 1770, and his newspaper, *The New-York Gazette; or, The Weekly Post-Boy*, appeared on July 2, 1770 (No. 1435), for the last time with his name in the colophon. Beginning with the next number, July 9, and until August 6, inclusive, no printer's name was mentioned in the issues, yet they were without doubt put forth under the auspices of Parker's son, as shown later on. In No. 1441, for Monday, August 13, 1770, the following colophon appeared: "NEW YORK: Printed by SAMUEL INSLEE, and ANTHONY CAR, At the NEW PRINTING-OFFICE in BEAVER-STREET, where all Sorts of Printing Work is done in the neateſt Manner, with Care and Expedition,—and where Subſcriptions, Advertiſements, &c. for this Paper are taken in." In the issue for August 20, they made their first address to the public in the following words:

"To the PUBLIC.

THE Business of this Printing-Office having devolved by the Death of JAMES PARKER, (the late

*Thomas. *History of Printing in America.* Vol. 1 (Albany, N. Y., 1874), p. 306.

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Proprietor of this Paper) on his Son SAMUEL F. PARKER, who finding the Prosecution of it at present inconvenient, has leased the Office for a Term of Years to the Subscribers, who propose to carry on the Business in as extensive a Manner as it has hitherto been done. As they are *young Beginners*, they hope in particular for the Countenance of those who have kindly encouraged the said Office in Times past, and humbly sollicit the Favour of the respectable Public in general, assuring them that nothing shall be wanting on their Parts, to render the Paper as useful and entertaining as any on the Continent. They declare moreover, in the most explicit Manner, that it shall ever be sacred to the Cause of Truth and Liberty, and never be prostituted to the purposes of Party, but be equally free for all who vouchsafe to have their Productions inserted; and no Compositions shall be refused a Place, but what are defamatory on private Characters, inconsistent with the Rules of Decorum, or unfriendly to Religion and good Morals. All Favours will be gratefully acknowledged, by

The Public's humble Servants,

SAMUEL INSLEE,
ANTHONY CAR."

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At this time Inslee and Car were still occupants of Parker's old premises in Beaver Street, but on February 25, 1771, this house was advertised "to be lett" and to be "entered on the first of May next." The printers informed their customers, on March 25, of their intention to remove "on the First of May next . . . to Beekman's-Slip, in the House now in the Tenure of Mr. John Laboyteaux, and next Door to Mr. Huybert Van Wagenen." Here they occupied a "Part of the House" and, on May 6, 1771, the first issue of their newspaper with the new address appeared.

From a notice which was printed in the *Post Boy*, for August 19, 1771, we have positive evidence that their copartnership took form with the issue of August 13, 1770, and that the few issues preceding that number were sent out by Samuel Franklin Parker. In this notice, dated at the "New Printing-Office, Beekman's Slip, August 19, 1771," Inslee and Car inform their readers that "Last Week's Paper [August 12] completed Twelve Months since the Printers of this Paper first entered on the Business of this Office," and they claimed to have then "near 1,000" customers.

The place of imprint given on the title-page of *The American Village*, namely, "on Moor's Wharf,"

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was their printing office "adjoining Beekman's Slip," and here they continued during the remainder of their copartnership, which terminated on August 13, 1773, after completing the third year of its existence. Besides printing the newspaper and the publications listed at the end of this article, Inslee and Car carried on the business of selling books and "Articles in the Stationer's Way." They suffered the hardships usually associated with their calling in their generation. The newspapers were delivered to customers, but payment was deferred or denied by many of them. On June 8, 1772, after a period of nearly two years, "not above one Third of their Customers" had paid the first year's subscription. The printers reminded them that they "began with a small Capital" and urged them to "chearfully comply" with the "reasonable Request" to pay up, in order to enable them to continue in business. Such epistolary hints from our colonial printers were of periodical recurrence. They used every subterfuge to attack the dull consciences of their delinquent customers. For example, Inslee and Car, on March 2, 1772, had urged the necessity of being "absolutely obliged to make up a considerable Sum of Money before the first Day of May next," and added: "All the Money

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that the Printers have yet received for News Papers, has not paid for one Half of the Paper that they have been printed on, which is an Article that cannot be had without ready Cash." Yet, we have seen that May had gone by and left two-thirds of the previous year's bills unpaid. On September 7, 1772, they plead that after two years of publication "not one Half of their Subscribers have paid them for one Year," and add, "Paper cannot be had without ready Money;—Journeymen cannot be employed without weekly Payment; Landlords will not be contented without Quarterly Rents, &c. and yet we only ask our Payment once a Year." To add to this dilemma, thieves broke into their printing-office in October of that year and looted it of money and other articles. Now the upshot of this matter was the failure of the business. There must have been forebodings of this outcome early in the year 1773, because on April 8 of that year, Samuel F. Parker and John Anderson, having entered into a copartnership, proposed the resumption of the issue of the newspaper in August, when the third year's lease to Inslee and Car would expire. Anderson was already printing at "the lower Corner of Beekman's-Slip," a neighbor of the others, in May, 1773, and did actually issue the *Post-Boy* in partnership with

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Parker, although not a single copy of this period is known to be in existence.

Upon the dissolution of the partnership of Inslee and Car opposing advertisements were inserted in virtually all of the contemporary newspapers of New York City, and the following, from Gaine's *New-York Gazette; and the Weekly Mercury*," for August 16, are the best samples:—

"THOSE Gentlemen and others, who are indebted to the PARTNERSHIP of INSLEE and CAR, (which expired the 13th Instant) are desired to stop Payment, till the Accounts relating to the Partnership are settled; of which public Notice will be given in this Paper by

ANTHONY CAR."

"ALL Persons indebted to the Partnership of INSLEE and CAR, are hereby informed, that they cannot with Safety settle or pay their Accounts to any other Person than the Subscriber, who has the Books in his Hands, and who only can give a proper Discharge.

SAMUEL INSLEE."

In September Car adverted to the disagreement

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in another newspaper notice, to which Inslee replied in Holt's *New-York Journal*, of September 9, as follows:

"To the Public in general, but in particular, to the Subscribers to Inslee and Car's Gazettee.

In an Addition, (published in Parker and Anderson's Paper of last Monday) which my late Partner, Anthony Car has made to his Advertisement, he has equally manifested his Ignorance and the Malevolence of his Disposition towards me— He says he is assured *some* Persons have paid me Money since the Dissolution of the Partnership, and hopes no Person will ATTEMPT to pay any more until Accounts are properly settled.—Now, how he expects to have the Accounts settled, is a Mystery to me, for he will not come near me, altho' I have frequently sent for him on that Account—I have also repeatedly sent him Word, I was willing to deliver the Books of the Partnership into the Hands of any two creditable Persons in this City, (one of whom he should choose) for them to settle, and to say in whose Favour the Balance was;—but Car knowing within himself, he should fall more in my Debt than he should ever be able to pay, still declines making choice of any Person to take the Books;—and at

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the same Time keeps himself *close*, so that I have no Opportunity of settling with him;—and yet he has the Confidence to advertise against any Person's paying me Money.—

As I cannot have the Pleasure of seeing Mr. Car, I hereby inform him, that if he does not come and settle with me, I shall be under an immediate Necessity of using Measures to oblige him to it, which will be very disagreeable to him, as well as to me.

I also now beg Leave to Inform the Ladies and Gentlemen who were Subscribers to our Paper, or who otherwise employed us on Credit, that they may with the greatest Safety, pay their Accounts to the Subscriber, who will give a proper Discharge for any Debt they may owe the Partnership, which will be gratefully acknowledged by one who always hopes to prove himself, the Public's most obedient, and obliged humble servant,

SAMUEL INSLEE."

New-York,)
Sept. 8, 1773.)

We have discovered that Inslee was among those who signed the non-importation agreement in New York, on July 23, 1770. Later we find him employed by Isaac Collins, of Trenton, N. J., and

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while there he committed suicide, as the following brief entry in Shepard Kollock's *New Jersey Journal*, for Wednesday, March 27, 1782, witnesses: "CHATHAM, March 27. Monday the 18th instant, Samuel Inslee, printer, at Trenton, shot himself through the head — Insanity, it is supposed, had got the empire over his Reason, which occasioned him to commit this rash act." Of the subsequent career of Car nothing has been discovered.

The following list is offered tentatively as a contribution to the issues of the press of Inslee and Car, and of all save Bard's *Enquiry* and the Freneau no copies are known to be extant. No files of the *Post Boy* for 1773 having been found, other titles for that year could not be determined.

1770

The American Country Almanac, For the Year 1771. By Roger More, Philodespot. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for October 15, 1770, as "Just Published . . . Price 3s. 6d. per Dozen, or 6d. single."]

Roger More's Americaanse Almanak Voor 't Jaar na Christi Geboorte 1771. [Advertised in the

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Post Boy, for October 15, 1770, "to be delivered Monday next."]

An Elegiac Poem, On the Death of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, Wrote by Phillis, a Servant Girl of 17 Years of Age, belonging to Mr. Wheatley, of Boston. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for October 30, 1770, as "Just Published," and no doubt reprinted from the eight-page edition published in Boston by Ezekiel Russell and John Boyles.]

1771

The Speech of the Honourable Robert R. Livingston, Esq; Made on the 25th of January, in Support of his Claim to a Seat in the House of the General Assembly. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for February 11, 1771, and undoubtedly a broadside.]

A Vindication of the Rights of Election, Containing an Answer to a Paper, entitled, "The Sentiments of a Free and Independent Elector." [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for March 18, 1771, and evidently a pamphlet.]

An Enquiry into the Nature, Cause and Cure, of the Angina Suffocativa, or, Sore Throat Dis-

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temper, As it is commonly called by the Inhabitants of this City and Colony. By Samuel Bard, M. D. And Professor of Medicine in King's College, New York. New York, 1771. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for April 29, 1771, as "This Day is published." A facsimile of the title-page of this treatise on diphtheria is given in Hildeburn's *Sketches of Printers and Printing in Colonial New York*.]

Poor Roger's American Country Almanack, for the Year 1772. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for November 11, 1771.]

1772

The American Village, A Poem. To which are added, Several other original Pieces in Verse. By Philip Freneau, A. B. New York, 1772. [Not advertised for sale in the *Post Boy*; perhaps printed privately for the author.]

Poor Roger's Almanack for the Year 1773. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for November 30 and December 7, 1772, as "now in the Press, and in a few Days may be had of the Printers of this Paper."]

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Club for Colonial Reprints

The third publication of the Club will be issued early in June, with the title:

The American Village

A Poem by
Philip Freneau

Reprinted in facsimile from the original edition
printed at New York in 1772

NONE of the biographers of Freneau knew of the existence of this, the first volume which he published, until Mr. Paltsits discovered a copy in the Library of Congress, while preparing his Bibliography of Freneau in 1902. This rare tract contains four poems, two of which were never reprinted in any of the collections of Freneau's works. The other two were rewritten and changed so much as to become virtually new poems.

Mr. Harry Lyman Koopman, the Librarian of Brown University, has written an introduction to the volume, in which he discusses the light which these hitherto unknown poems shed upon Freneau's

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literary development. Himself a poet of no mean ability, Mr. Koopman has been for many years a devoted student of American verse. As custodian of the Harris collection of American poetry, which forms a part of the Brown University Library, he has enjoyed unequalled opportunities for pursuing his investigations in this field. His introduction to this reprint of what is in many respects Freneau's most interesting publication is an important contribution to our knowledge of the development of literature in America.

The printers of Freneau's first publication were two young New Yorkers, Samuel Inslee and Andrew Car. The story of their brief partnership is an entertaining and significant chapter in the annals of printing in America, and it has been extracted bit by bit from the widely scattered files of their newspapers by Mr. Victor Hugo Paltsits of the Lenox Library. The "Bibliographical Data" which Mr. Paltsits contributes to the volume contains a large amount of new material regarding the careers of Inslee and Car, with a list of their publications. He has succeeded for the first time in showing how their partnership came about, what they did while it lasted, why it broke up, and where the partners went afterward.

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In addition to the facsimile of Freneau's pamphlet, the volume will contain a photographic reproduction of the page from Freneau's letter to his college friend, James Madison, in which he tells of the publication of his book and of the opinions which had been passed upon it. There will also be an initial woodcut designed and engraved by M. Lamont Brown, the background of which gives a glimpse of "Old Nassau" at Princeton, Freneau's home during his college days.

One hundred copies of this volume have been printed on Van Gelder paper, the type and paper the same as this announcement. Such copies as are not taken by members of the Club are offered for sale, at three dollars each. Copies numbered to correspond with those of previous publications of the Club will be reserved for the owners of those volumes until July first.

Address:

The Club for Colonial Reprints,
Box 1275,
Providence,
Rhode Island.

June 1, 1906.

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